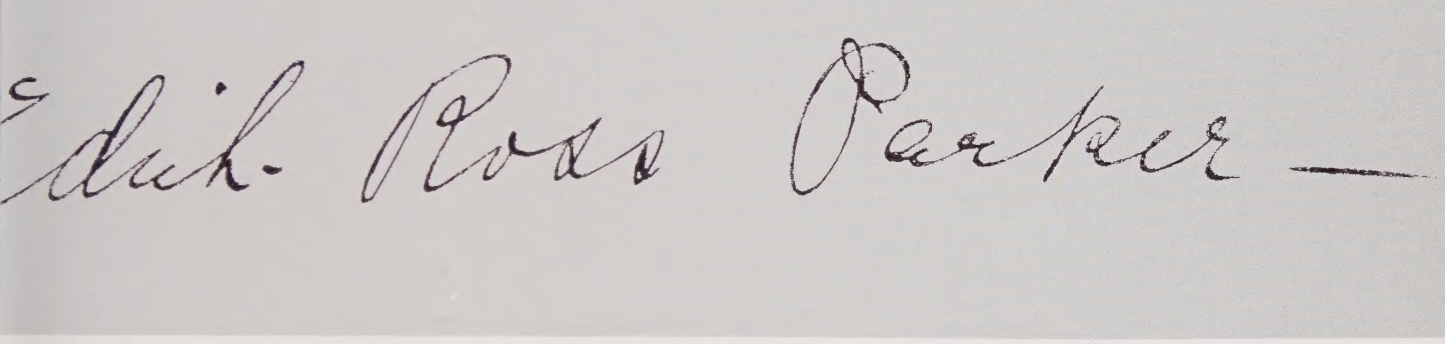
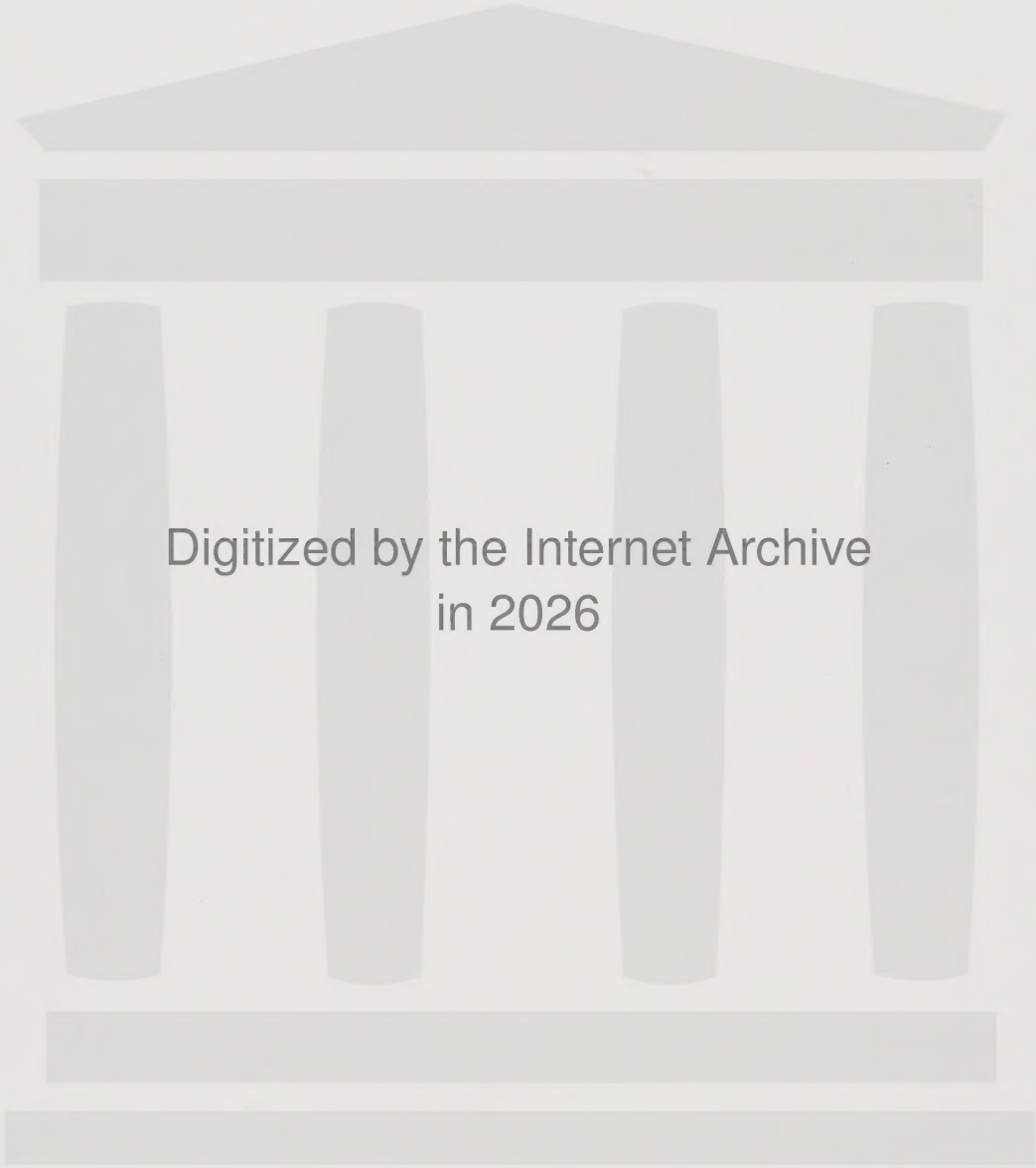
BERMUDA

AS IT USED TO BE

Photographs(1899) by Edith Ross Parker

Text by David F.Raine




Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/bermudaasitusedt0000davi

BERMUDA

AS IT USED TO BE

BY

David F.Raine

Photographs by Edith Ross Parker (1899)

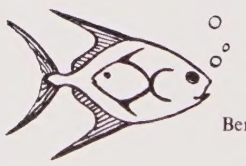
POMPANO PUBLICATIONS
BERMUDA ★ CANADA ★ ENGLAND

Copyright 1986 by David F.Raine ©

First Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photo-copying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

cover design by the author



Pompano
Publications
Bermuda * Canada * England

Table of Contents:

Preface..... 7
Introduction..... 9
List of Photographs..... 11

The Journey down..... 13
First Impressions..... 19
A Walk through Hamilton..... 25
Out in the Country..... 39
The Talk of the Day..... 53
Much to amuse and entertain..... 71
The last few Days..... 85
Reflections from a Deck..... 105

Acknowledgements:

During the last twenty years, I have spent a lot of time chatting with many older Bermudians. It is an important way of recording the facts and anecdotes of social history and has helped me to understand something of life in Bermuda at the turn of this present century.

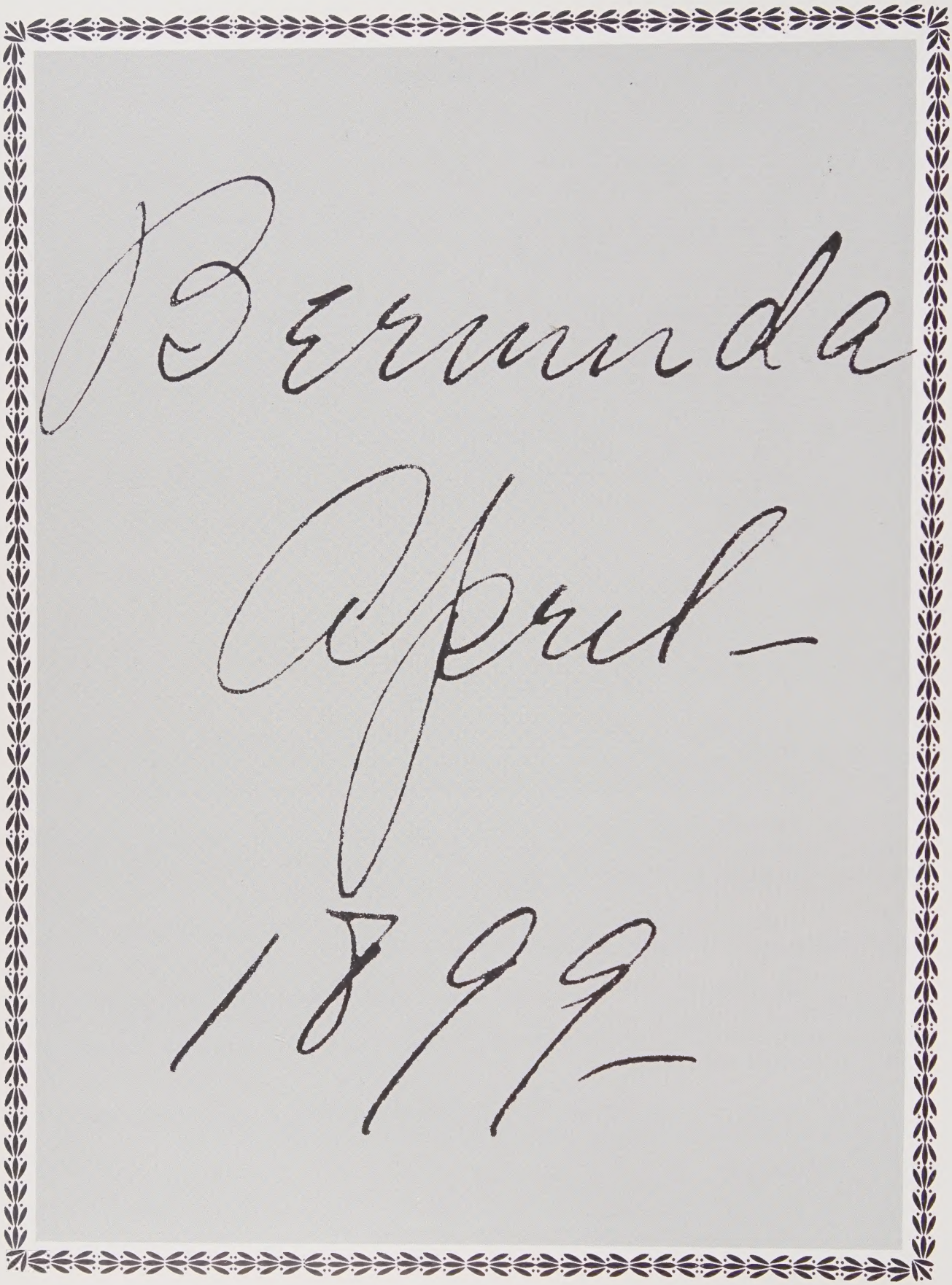
I offer a collective thanks to those who have shared their lives with me. In particular, I cherish the memories shared by Mrs. Olive Frith of Paget, Mrs. Riley of Devil's Hole and Hamilton businessman Mr. Eldon Frith. Each is now deceased.

I also thank Mrs. Winifred Sewell of St. George's, who has always been ready to share stories about her own youthful days in Bermuda's East End.

Ms. Grace Rawlins and the staff at the Hamilton Reference Library continue to be forever helpful in locating documents. I trust they know that I am always in their debt. Whilst trying to locate some specific records in America, I received some useful help from Ms. Mimi Won at the U. S. Consulate in Bermuda.

A final and sincere thanks is due to Shirley Nosakhere, for her help in preparing the final manuscript and the page layouts. I am truly grateful for everything.

David F. Raine


Bermuda
April
1899

PREFACE:

This unique volume of hitherto unpublished nineteenth century photographs is from the portfolio of Edith Ross Parker. An eminent American amateur photographer from the East Coast, she visited Bermuda during March and April of 1899. This is the complete record of her only known visit to these islands.

Not since the publication of the fascinating pictures of James Heyl, in 1954, has such an important, single photographic collection been commercially released. In many respects, it is both appropriate and fitting that Heyl's work should be followed in this manner by that of Parker.

James Heyl's photographs portrayed various facets of Bermuda which he saw between 1868 - 1897; Edith Parker's works depict places, things and events in the very last year of that same century. Furthermore, there is the interesting contrast that James Heyl looked at everything through the eye of one who permanently lived here; Edith Parker, on the other hand, recorded everything as a visitor seeing it all for the first and only time.

There is, incidentally, also a pleasing human connection between these two prominent photographers. When Edith Ross Parker sailed for Bermuda in 1899 Heyl's own daughter Edith travelled in an adjacent cabin on the same boat.

In order to help the reader get a really true and meaningful feeling for this country as it was at the end of the last century, I have provided a text to compliment the photographs. In doing so, I have tried to reconstruct Edith Parker's complete visit so that we can wander around with her, feel the breezes, see the trees and ride with her along the roadways of "Bermuda - as it used to be".

David F. Raine
St. David's Island
Bermuda - 1986

Edith Ross Parker.

INTRODUCTION:

The unexpected appearance of this complete and authenticated collection of photographs by Edith Ross Parker, occurred nearly ninety years after she had first taken them. And, in the almost universal tradition of other gems of historical importance, they surfaced anonymously, unheralded and unrecognised at a quiet auction.

As an entity, they constitute a rare look at Bermuda towards the end of the nineteenth century, captured on film by just one person. The originals were very carefully assembled in an album which, in turn, had been autographed by the photographer herself. Each picture was identified in Edith Parker's own meticulous handwriting - and many were then annotated with casual remarks and personal reflections. Her thoughtfulness in providing such personal comments thereby enables us to enjoy a rare insight into her ideas, reactions and even the thinking behind many of the pictures.

Edith Ross Parker was a photographer of rare artistic talent. She was a dedicated amateur at a time when photography had yet to gain popular recognition as a separate art form.

By the end of the nineteenth century, it was still only just being universally acknowledged that the camera had actually had an indelible impact on the European schools of painting; half-figures now regularly entered canvases from the edges and corners as if passing before some mysteriously concealed lense. Artists now often painted glimpses, snatches of action - pictures which were snapshots rather then contrived, set pieces.

From behind the shutter, Edith Parker looked out at her world. She was patient, never casual with her compositions. She was careful to frame each as a single picture, whilst simultaneously managing to be constantly alert for the rewards of spontaneity - a face in the crowd; people coming form Church.

She was born in New Jersey in the 1870's and was in her mid-twenties when she made her only recorded visit to Bermuda in 1899. She was the daughter of a middle class, professional family raised among the pleasures and rewards of life along the Eastern Seaboard. Her father moored the family's small clinker-hulled yacht nearby and they were accustomed to enjoying short, weekend sailing excursions up and down the shore.

They lived in a modest but elegant house, its wooden slatted walls and trim carefully painted white; the roof always kept clean of falling leaves. It was a neat and tidy home, surrounded by ornate flower beds and set in grounds dominated by lawns and slender pine trees. Like her parents, Edith shared a love for the outdoors and with her mother she liked to garden and gather fresh blooms.

We shall probably never know exactly what it was that drew her towards a fascination for photography. Perhaps she gradually cultivated a desire to permanently capture the tranquility and natural beauty of the countryside which lay around her. Maybe it was born during the regular family outings along the seashore, seeing the majesty of breaking waves and the fickleness of sandy beaches. Or possibly she was inspired by the excitement of sailing into the wind and watching reflections bounce off the water.

Whatever its origins, we do know that Edith Ross Parker blended a unique combination of sensitivity and reality into her pictures.

As the result of recent and careful examination of some of her original photographs, staff at the International Museum of Photography in New York are able to offer some tentative, technical data regarding Edith Parker's work. Their interest and efforts are much appreciated.

It appears most likely that she used a box camera manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company - probably the "Number 2 Bull's Eye Special", which had only just come onto the open market in 1898. At a cost of $15, this model was undoubtedly regarded as expensive but had already proved itself to be very popular among serious photographers. The camera had a rapid renticular lense (equal to about f 7) and a shutter speed fixed at approximately 1/30th. of a second. These somewhat sophisticated features combined to produce pictures of remarkable clarity. With the simplest of adjustments, she could also have taken time-exposures.

Using this camera, Edith would have required a #101 rollfilm. The standard black-and-white emulsions which were available at the turn of the century were roughly equivalent to a contemporary ASA speed of 10.

Her photographs were fixed on a standard lightweight contact printing stock, which was sepia toned.

During the course of re-photography for this present volume, considerable care was taken not to disturb individual compositions and every effort was made to retain the mood and atmosphere which Edith Parker herself had sought to capture. In the developing and printing stages, a great debt is owed to the expertise and sensitivity of the award-winning Bermudian photographer Stephen Raynor.

This then is Bermuda as it was when Edith Ross Parker came for a visit during the Easter of 1899. The photographs recall a brief passing moment in the life of just one person. But they also capture an island, a country before the advent of modern transportation; before the introduction of mechanical noises. Before social and ecological pollution.

Hers is the story of Bermuda the way it was....

David F. Raine

St. David's Island - 1986

List of Photographs:

1. The S.S. "Trinidad" at berth in Bermuda.
2. Greeting new arrivals.
3. Boating time in Hamilton Harbour.
4. Georgia and her beau.
5. A typically busy day on Front Street.
6. Humbly pausing for a drink.
7. Awaiting patrons outside the Hamilton Hotel.
8. The Colonial Secretariat building.
9. Burnaby Street - from a moving carriage!
10. Church Street, near the Cathedral.
11. Patient and relaxed in the heat of the day.
12. The main Post Office, in Hamilton.
13. Storage shed on the Hamilton wharf.
14. Fruit sellers in the shade.
15. The Hamilton quayside.
16. Easter Lilies and paw-paws.
17. Fan palms in front of the Princess Hotel.
18. The Princess Piazza and dock.
19. The loving family out for a ride.
20. Along the road to Spanish Rock.
21. The Devil's Hole.
22. Tom Moore's
23. Sir Thomas Moore's House.
24. The wooden bridge at Flatts.
25. A cut in the road to South Shore.
26. Night blooming cereus along a pathway.
27. A sunset scene, from the Princess Piazza.
28. Georgia and her true-love,on the road to Fairylands.
29. Clouded vegetation.
30. A deserted homestead.
31. A mansion beyond the bamboos.
32. Well-fed youngsters being called.
33. Peacefully perched above Hamilton.
34. A farmer gently going on his way.
35. From Georgia's point of view.
36. Fishing from the rocks.
37. Our friendly guides along the beach.
38. Watching for longtails from atop the coral cliffs.
39. A family home.
40. The inlet to the rear of the Princess Hotel.
41. A shy young Bermudian in the shade.

42. A typical road with red cedars.
43. Little boy taking a rest.
44. Mixing business with pleasure.
45. The view from Gibbs' Hill.
46. Another boat glides through the passage.
47. Workers improving the roads.
48. Taking a quick lunch break.
49. A quarry used for procuring building materials.
50. A serene view of the world.
51. Building a yacht with red cedar.
52. An expert on the first green!
53. Striking out from the seventh tee.
54. A little art of the course.
55. The new Bermuda Golf Club House.
56. The third green showing elevation.
57. Keeping an eye on the ball.
58. Bermuda's North Shore, from the sixth hole.
59. An obviously challenging course!
60. Cedars and road along the North Shore.
61. A young native dancer.
62. Ladies returning from Church on Good Friday.
63. Archway on the road to the barracks.
64. Drilling for the Sunday Service.
65. The Royal Worcestershore Regiment.
66. An irresistable specimen!
67. Some splendid hats watching the parade.
68. Another boat steaming into port.
69. All aboard the next ferry!
70. The majestic H.M.S.Pearl out at anchor.
71. The 'wig-wagger' from the H.M.S.Pearl.
72. The H.M.S.Pearl - from very close quarters!
73. A typical street scene.
74. One of our favourite houses.
75. Young fruit seller balancing his wares.
76. Fresh lobsters anyone?
77. Waiting for a sailing breeze.
78. A time for fond farewells.
79. A final wave.
80. The S.S."Trinidad" departing for New York.
81. A last view of Hamilton.
82. Sailing away into the sunset.....

THE JOURNEY DOWN:

It was bitterly cold in New York on 22nd March 1899.

The previous day's temperature had dropped to a chilly 22 degree farenheit and during the night there had been snow flurries over much of the upper part of the state. But, in the grey pre-dawn light, the passengers who were huddled together on Pier 47 were thinking only of leaving all of that behind - and sailing to Bermuda. There, one week earlier, it had been a balmy 69 degrees.

It was a Wednesday and the boat "Trinidad" was due to sail at 11 a.m.

Like many of the other people who were about to make this voyage into the Atlantic, Edith Parker had arrived in New York the day before; her baggage had been placed in her cabin and she had slept on board overnight. Shipping companies generally preferred this, so that they could be certain that everyone had been properly cleared, checked and were on deck by the time of the next available high tide.

Pier 47 had only recently been completed and was one of the newest additions to the city's waterfront. It stood on the waters' edge at the foot of West 10th Street, just one block north of the Christopher Street Ferry. Because of this easy accessibility, it had quickly proved to be both popular and financially successful and was now the main terminal for "The Quebec Steamship Company", which operated weekly runs to and from Bermuda. The pier had therefore become essential to Bermuda's trade and commerce; was a vital focal-point for the island's social and business activities. But, in addition to these, it was also seen as the key to Bermuda's fledgling tourist business and there were high hopes that the number of visitors passing through here would perhaps increase even more over the next few years.

Pier 47 was a wooden structure, with planking already well-trodden by a constant flow of horse-drawn carts, wheel-barrows and feet. There was a regular procession of traffic between dock and storage sheds. Some came to collect the island's exported vegetable produce, and take it to market. Others brought the merchandise which Bermudians themselves needed to import - foodstuffs, fabrics, clothing and a whole variety of items for housing, farming and boating. All of this hectic activity was handled on Pier 47 by "A. C. Outerbridge", the company's New York agent. Although there was a main office on Broadway, most of the Outerbridge staff spent the bulk of their time in the large wooden building by the dock; here were stored barrels, packages, parcels and bales awaiting the arrival of the next Bermuda-bound boat. All out-going goods were consigned to James A. Conyers, of Front Street in Hamilton.

That Wednesday morning, the "Trinidad" was tied just a few yards from the passenger services room. The boat had reached New York the previous Saturday, but was carrying such a substantial cargo of Bermudian potatoes, onions, lily bulbs and various other vegetables, that unloading the holds - and then re-filling them again for the return trip - had taken several days. Finally by late Wednesday morning, she was ready to depart.

There were 113 passengers on the ship's manifest. The majority were tourists travelling from such Eastern cities as Baltimore, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Hartford and the New York region. They included members of the wealthy Colgate family, complete with maid, booked to stay at the Princess Hotel. and Arthur H. Scribener of the publishing empire, who was intending to spend a relaxing week at the Hamilton Hotel. There were also some other socialites among them, including Mr. Mrs. C. Stebbings, Mr. Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Fred Billings - all well-known in New York financial circles.

Another noteworthy on the "Trinidad" for this particular trip was Mr. Albert H. Woods, the United States Secretary of State for Agriculture. He was planning to stay at the Hamilton Hotel for a short time, with his wife, whilst having discussions with Bermudian farmers on the island's importance as a source for New York's market-garden needs.

Edith Parker certainly knew that such an important Government official as this was on board - there was a delegation to see him off - but she was apparently quite unaware of three equally as interesting young ladies comfortably nestled in the cabins adjacent to hers. They included: Miss E. Heyl, daughter of famous Bermudian photographer James Heyl; and two quiet little girls, the Misses Tucker. Although no-one could have realised it at that time, within thirty years these same sisters were destined to be among the island's most celebrated painters - watercolourists whose work would be perhaps the most prized and cherished for the entire century ahead: Ethel and Catherine Tucker. Edith Stowe Heyl, for her part, would gain international fame as the compiler and publicist of her father's photographs. Coincidence had therefore placed these four important young women within close proximity of one another for the same three day trip down to Bermuda; they passed pleasantries in casual contact on the decks and in the dining-room, but Edith Parker makes no references to having spent time with any of them.

Also among the passengers were several British Army officers, a priest, a couple of doctors and a smattering of more familiar Bermudian names like Trott, Fox, Wingood and Lambert - islanders returning home after business trips and holidays of their own.

Just before noon, the ropes were slipped free and the "Trinidad" gently eased away from port. She was a fine boat: 315' long, 37' wide at the beam and a cruising speed of 15 knots. She had been custom-built for the Bermuda run at the Sunderland shipyards, in England, and had sailed directly to Bermuda after launching on 25th February 1885. She had carried her first passengers from New York on 16th March 1885 - only 37 at that time - and had been plying these waters ever since. Smoke drifted from her twin funnels as she slipped through the murky harbour waters and headed out into the Atlantic Ocean. On the bridge stood Captain Peter J. Frazer, the same man who had been handling her ever since that maiden voyage.

It was raining very heavily and the boat was lashed by bitter north-easterly winds, hence most of the passengers watched the departure from the warmth of their cabins, through the portholes; others peered from behind the smokey windows of the upper deck. With temperatures still in the mid-30's, it was far too cold to be outside waving farewells from the rails.

The "Trinidad" was a comfortable boat. Her cabins were described as being "warm and spacious state rooms - each tastefully decorated with frilly curtains, tassled lamp shades and bright carpetting".

Along the decks there were several places where passengers could elegantly sit, read and chat. There was an adequate dining area for meals, a smoking room, a saloon and a seperate Ladies Room. With the exception of the few who had reserved entire luxury suites on the main deck , virtually all of the passengers on the "Trinidad" travelled in plush First Class surroundings, simply because there were only a couple of spaces below deck which could be converted into Second Class cabins. On this particular trip, those noisey, dark and smelly cubicles were occupied by a servant-girl called Miss Carmichael, as well as Master T. Little and a Mr. J. Lewis.

There was ample decking where everyone could promenade, and rails on which to lean and watch the foamy trail which was left in the wake. Under usual conditions, Miss Parker and her fellow travellers could have expected a relatively calm and trouble-free trip. However, on this occasion, the storm which had been pounding the eastern seaboard since earlier in the week, followed them way, way out to sea. It was a wet and rough start to the crossing and the "Trinidad" was battered and tossed by the swirling waters. Many of the passengers were soon very ill. By the second day, however, they entered the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream and, in the words of one account:

"...the noble vessel ploughed her way along through the deep blue waters steadily and gracefully."

Edith Parker seems not to have been unduly disturbed by the choppy seas - no doubt a childhood of coastal sailing had prepared her for the unpredictable ocean - and she spent much of the time alone, reading quietly in the lounge. But for many of the passengers, the calmer weather brought much comfort and relief, and it was an essential change particularly for those who had been unable to eat anything up to that point. The Quebec Steamship Company prided itself on the standard of food which it offered on this oceanic route and claimed that its galleys were capable of producing "an ample cuisine to rival the best European hotels". Such foods were not to be missed.

After that first turbulent day, things calmed down considerably and life on the "Trinidad" became easy and enjoyable. As the brochure had promised, the boat was "quite comfortable upon the lee side where most passengers gather.....time to read a good book and readily banish the perplexities fo New York with its mud and damp, cold weather."

By late Thursday afternoon the weather had become noticeably warmer and an air of mounting excitement prevailed when Captain Fraser announced that he anticipated arriving in Hamilton just after lunch on Friday. Therefore, during that last evening there was lots of chatting at suppertime; children laughed and played running, chasing and hiding games up and down the decks; their parents lingered around until late, peering into the darkness hoping perhaps for lights and signs of island life. Edith went to sleep quite early that night knowing that very early in the morning she could expect to catch her first distant glimpses of Bermuda.

On schedule, at 2 p.m. the "Trinidad" entered the Great Sound through Two-Rock Passage and Captain Frazer, under the experienced guidance of a Bermudian pilot, steered the boat into Hamilton Harbour. Gently he eased the vessel around in a full circle, so as to face the open sea once more, and then brought it sideways along number one shed. Finally the anchor was dropped and eager hands on shore helped to make the ropes fast. Edith Ross Parker had finally arrived in Bermuda.

In the surrounding waters, rowing-boats shuffled across the busy harbour; sailboats swerved through their midst; people shouted, laughed and waved.

Many Bermudians that day, however, had only casually noticed the arrival of their regular ship - they were far too busy watching Race 2 of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club's Regatta, an event already underway when the "Trinidad" first came into view.

As Miss Parker prepared to stride ashore, "Nea" was sailing clearly ahead of "Lady Bird" and seemed sure to win the "Hurst Challenge Cup".

1. The S.S. "Trinidad" at berth in Bermuda.

2. Greeting new arrivals.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS:

The first glimpses of Bermuda, on that Friday morning in 1899, had indeed been impressive - particularly when seen from the deck of the arriving steamship.

The islands first came into Miss Parker's view shortly after breakfast. Originally she saw them as a low-lying ridge just creeping above the horizon; a wrinkled layer of land floating on the ocean's surface. Then, as the "Trinidad" steamed gradually closer, the shapes of hills and cliffs became clearer and, eventually, she noticed waves breaking over the reefs and even smashing against rocks and beaches along the South Shore.

Everything now began to grow steadily bigger and bigger; details were added, until finally she could discern the distant roofs of houses. From the sea, they looked like tiny flecks of white paper which someone had sprinkled sparingly over the landscape; they peeped conspicuously from amidst an array of luscious greens and rich browns - the dominating colours of Bermuda's cedar and palmetto forests.

The first signs of life which they had seen that morning were fishermen. Some were spotted many miles out, at dawn, hauling pots and emptying catches into the bottoms of their wooden rowing boats. Others were closer into shore, fishing with handlines or patiently casting their nets for bait among the disturbed, jumping schools of fry and anchovies. The fishermen waved as the "Trinidad" steamed passed, gesturing contentedly at the catches which swilled around their feet; proudly holding aloft the larger fish for all to see. They waved enthusiastically, smiled, laughed and got back to their business. Above them glided herring gulls and picturesque Longtails. An occasional flying-fish leapt unexpectedly from the water, flew over the waves and landed at a safer distance further away.

Such activity was indeed most novel for those leaning on the rails of the "Trinidad".

Whilst still several miles off-shore, the boat began to follow the channel through the reefs. It was clearly marked by a line of bouys, each resembling a spinning-top with a large wooden flagpole protruding from the centre. They had been built and positioned by the Royal Navy and looked not unlike conical barrels as they bobbed among the gentle swells of the ocean.

The boat had slowed its speed in order to safely navigate the reefs, and the passengers peered over the sides, excitedly watching the abundant and colourful fish which darted here and there through the clear waters. A group of dark chub swarmed like hopeful beggars; rainbow parrot fish broke the surface and then disappeared among the silver shapes of darting snappers. Two silently basking turtles looked around at the commotion, seemed to frown, and then flippered indifferently beneath the surface in search of peace and quiet.

After the cold, wet and cloudy start to the trip, Friday proved to be bright and sunny - ideal for them to arrive. It looked like it would be a glorious day, with blue skies and perfectly clear visibility. They rounded St. David's, passed the brilliant red and white lighthouse, and followed the North Shore until it curved into Hamilton Harbour. Occasional clusters of houses

peppered the landscape; small craft lay at anchor in secluded bays along the shadowed, indented shoreline.

In tranquil bliss, Bermuda was politely unrolling herself before Edith's eyes.

From the mouth of The Great Sound, the arriving visitors had a fine view across Two Rock Passage towards the massive buildings fo The Dockyard. But as they drifted through, the view of the western end of the islands was dominated by the rib-like form of the floating dock. Miss Parker had, of course, read about this remarkable engineering contraption in her local newspapers. It had been built in 1869, by "Messrs. Campbell and Johnson" of North Woolwich, in England, and then towed to Bermuda via the Madeira Islands - finally reaching its present berth on 4th July 1869. It was an impressive sight: 381 feet long, 124 feet wide and surrounded by ships anchored closeby, awaiting their turn to be lifted up for repairs.

Behind it, like a theatrical backdrop, loomed the magnificent stone buildings of the fortified Royal Naval Dockyard. Since 1897, when Lord Fisher assumed command of the installation, well over 610,000 pounds sterling had been spent on improving these defence facilities for Bermuda. There were none more spectacular to be seen anywhere throughout the entire British Empire.

High on a hillside to the left of the Dockyard, the passengers could also clearly see the impressive cast-iron form of Gibbs HIll Lighthouse. Standing 362 feet above sea level, its beacon had been shining since May 1st, 1846 - the design of a young 28 year-old British civil engineer named George Grove. The bright beam had seen from aboard the "Trinidad" since very early that morning, bouncing among the scattered clouds of the pre-dawn skies.

As the "Trinidad" edged cautiously into the shallower waters of Hamilton Harbour, Edith Parker stood on the main deck trying to see everything. In particular, she was amazed by the sheer numbers and shapes of the small craft which seemed to be everywhere. Rowing boats paddled across the water ferrying goods and people between the shore and larger vessels out at anchor; sailing boats glided gracefully among the various islands, colourful flags and bunting trailing from their masts.

Certainly there was an air of excitement and even bustling activity about the harbour, but what especially intrigued Edith was the unexpected calmness and serenity of everything. There was a sense of casual purpose to it all and even the rowers appeared to pull with relaxed strokes. Certainly there was none of the frantic rushing which they had left behind at Pier 47.

The boat slowed-down as it got deeper into the harbour; there was less smoke drifting from its funnels and the engines in the lower decks seemed to be groaning and straining less and less. The "Hurst Challenge Cup" had attracted a considerable number of water-born spectators and boats were all over the place, filled to capacity with obviously happy enthusiasts. Ladies in long dresses, the skirts tucked in bundles about their ankles, held onto broad-rimmed straw hats; the menfolk clutched at boaters perched atop their heads, eager not to lose them in the gentle breezes. People laughed at the unavoidable splashes caused by the passing of another boat.

As they nudged closer to the dockside, the steamship's passengers were treated to a fine view of the city's most recent hotel - "The Princess" - opened in 1885 and named in honour of

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. And dominating the Hamilton skyline they could see the "Hamilton Hotel", a property which had already proved to be highly popular with Bermuda's growing number of annual visitors. The Secretary of State pointed it out to his wife.

Finaliy they came to a halt. Anchors were unleashed and dropped into the sea; ropes were cast ashore and fastened. The engines whined into a gradual silence.

On the dockside, barrels and sacks filled with produce were piled high upon one another; supervisors in smart, white tropical trilbey hats directed the movement of carts and barrows. Men with packages balanced high on their shoulders walked from a warehouse. Donkeys nodded tolerantly in the hot sun, their heads turned towards the shade, waiting patiently whilst their carts were packed and loaded. Men in suits; ladies in bustled long frocks with lace underskirts, faces and hats partially concealed by frilly parasoles. There were workmen in high-bibbed dungarees; fruit sellers crouched behind boxes of oranges and bananas; curiosity seekers; time-passers. They had all gathered at Shed Number One for the regular weekly arrival of the New York ship. Watching the "Trinidad" coming to dock was an event, a distraction, entertainment. And on the other side of Front Street, people stood gazing from beneath the wooden verandahs of shops; others waved at the ship, and others still were content to get about their daily lives.

As the "Trinidad" patiently waited to be cleared by Customs and Health Officials, the last puffs of smoke drifted from the red funnels. From atop the mast fluttered the flag of the Quebec Steamship Company - a white and navy blue cross set against a red background. Its companion was hanging from a flagpole on the other side of Front Street, at the office of James A. Conyers, the line's local agent. The Company was established in 1864 and had been operating this particular route since April 1883. In January of that year, an advertisement had been placed in the local newspaper seeking a "Steam Connection to carry passengers, mail and cargo between New York and Bermuda", with the additional criterion of having "comfortable accomodation for not less than 40 First Class passengers". The Quebec Steamship Company had secured regular contracts ever since. Its original vessel, the "Flamborough", had subsequently been replaced by the more modern "Trinidad".

From the dockside, onlookers glanced at the reflection of the boat in the water, noticing the black hull and the fine gold lettering of her name. The white housing around the upper deck shimmered under the bright sun, the glow only partly deflected by the excited, waving passengers anxiously awaiting permission to disembark.

Finally, with a gesture of approval from Captain Peter Frazer, Mr. Brown the Purser called for the gangway to be cleared and people started to go ashore. Crewmen helpfully passed cases, boxes, bags and bundles over the ship's rails and down into the outstretched hands of porters on the quayside below. Relatives and friends pushed forwards through the gathering crowds to embrace, kiss and shake hands with their guests. And then whisked them away in carriages.

Edith Parker was met by Georgia, her childhood friend, and the two fussed eagerly as they made their way through the crowd and out onto Front Street. Georgia's husband, handsomely dressed in white knee-breeches, blazer and tie, walked behind them carrying the luggage; he purffed on his favourite curved pipe, boater squarely perched on his head, and waited

in the shadows for the family carriage to draw up.

It was a warm, sticky day. The temperature was 69 degrees and the humidty stood at 84%. But as they climbed up and nestled into cushioned seats and allowed the driver to position her bags in the back, the skies started to become cloudy.

The single-horse carriage bounced them slowly along the uneven roadway up Pitts Bay, away from the docks. Doubtless they all hoped that they would reach Georgia's home in Fairylands before the growing thunderous clouds exploded with the obvious promise of a heavy downpour. The shining black carriage-top would hardly keep them dry for very long.

3. Boating time in Hamilton Harbour.

4. Georgia and her beau.

A WALK THROUGH HAMILTON:

The next morning they had a late breakfast and then decided to go for a stroll. The clouds and showers of the previous evening had blown away during the night and with temperatures resting on 63 degrees farenheit, and the humidity similarly in the low sixties, the conditions were ideal for a slow saunter into town.

With camera in hand, Edith followed Georgia and her husband out from Fairylands and up the Pitts Bay Road. The roadway was lined with neatly trimmed hedges of oleander and hibiscus. There were reds, pinks, whites and yellows - a true natural bouquet of colour - and around the houses she saw well-kept lawns and slender palms. Trees arched across the roadway high above their heads and provided a protective canopy from the glaring sun.

They passed the Princess Hotel and entered Front Street.

Although it was the weekend before Easter, Hamilton was quiet and unrushed. Edith Parker had actually expected to see lots of people in what was, afterall, Bermuda's capital city; but she found it to be uncrowded, leisurely - not atall busy for the shopping-day which Saturday normally is in other places which she had visited.

The "Trinidad" lay at dock, no longer surrounded by crowds of waving onlookers but now attended by a gang of loaders rolling barrels into her forward storage holds. Captain Frazer stood partway up tne gangway, looking through a sheath of documents with Purser Brown; they looked up and waved. Nearby, in the shade of a sprawling poinciana, several carts were being emptied of their freight - a row of silent, weary donkeys nodded patiently as they chewed into bales of dried grass and tried to ignore the jerking and heaving behind them. A closed bakery wagon trotted by, leaving the smells of freshly-baked goods to fill the air. Two empty, flat-bed carts creaked up the street, each pulled by a donkey and carrying the driver and his assistant. Such was the combined total of traffic along Front Street at noon on the Saturday before Easter in 1899.

They walked beneath the wooden verandahs which protruded from the shop fronts. It was warm and the streets were dry and dusty.

At the foot of Burnaby Street a group of workmen with rolled-up shirt sleeves and braces, huddled over a shallow trench whilst a man in a black hat and waistcoat stood looking down the hole, apparently contemplating their next move. Businessmen in dark suits and narrow-rimmed hats chatted in twos and threes in the shade; a couple of ladies in long black dresses swished by, carrying baskets of shopping. An officer from the Worcestershire Regiment, followed by three soldiers, walked briskly from his carriage and entered a dry goods store. A mule raised its head from a barrel of rainwater, watched Edith take a photograph and then emersed itself once again in the business of drinking.

Serene, unhurried and decidedly uncrowded - this was how Edith Parker found Hamilton as she strolled around at the start of her holiday. Except for the magnificent sea views, it

even bore some passing similarity to one of those partially deserted towns out in the American mid-West: Reid Street at "High Noon". She had certainly expected to see more tourists about but, other than the few they had noticed outside the Princess and Hamilton Hotels, they saw very few. That week there were about 200 tourists in Bermuda - Edith had just travelled down with over half of them herself, only a day ago! - but they were just as sparse on the streets of Hamilton that day as were the natives themselves. It was all such a refreshing change from New York.

Many of the properties along Front Street were used by Shipping Agents, Importers, Exporters and their various representatives. It was logical for them to be there, facing the docks and with immediate access to the freight sheds. Goods were off-loaded from the ships as soon as they arrived and were then held until duties or levies had been paid by the consignees. Several of the Front Street agents had pullies fixed firmly into the walls above the ground floor, so that merchandise could be quickly hoisted up to the storage rooms on the next level. Here too, some maintained chill rooms and such facilities as were necessary for holding fresh goods which were destined for the New York markets.

On Reid Street, Edith and her friends wandered around the store of "H. A. & E. Smith". The company had been engaging in some very active advertising for the upcoming Easter celebrations and had brought into Bermuda a splendid collection of hats and dresses. On display they saw hats with frilly trims; black and white sailor hats; "children's washing hats"; hats made of cashmere and silk; others made from straw. Hats "in the newest Spring Shapes" and rows of "imported models". Among the dresses being offered were new lines in "feathers, orange blossoms and flowers". There were boy's straw hats for sale at 1/3d.; and others for men at 2/-. Ready-made skirts cost between 3/6d and 6/- and were "available in Duck, Pique and Khaki". There were ladies morning wrappers, Sailor Suits for boys, parasols, miscellaneous "coloured fancies", waterproofs and a new shipment of undergarments.

They walked eastward along Reid Street so that Edith might see the various parliamentary and legal buildings. Bermuda's politicians were about to go on their Easter vacation so there was much business to be discussed before the session could be officially prorogued on 5th April. She was also shown the Hamilton Post Office., a squat low-lying structure encircled by wide eaves, from which Colonial Postmaster Mr. Allan F. Smith was willing to send any parcel weighing under 3 lbs. all the way to Britain for the sum of 8d. A man in a grey suit came out as they passed; he slipped a letter through the posting slot in the wall and walked onto Parliament Street. Another man sat dozing on a bench nearby, legs stretched-out and head lolling back against a pillar.

Everywhere it was quiet and peaceful. They turned down once more onto Front Street and looked at the impressive, colonaded building of the Colonial Secretariat; the clean brilliance of the walls glowed in the bright sun. Its grounds were meticulously manicured and from the lawns grew sturdy cedars and a few palms. It was easy, then, to imagine how tall and strong those cedar trees would be in a hundred years time; their branches would doubtless have spread considerably, providing shade to the gardens in front of the building. Of course, as Edith levelled her camera that day, she could not know that those same trees would be dead within just fifty years, killed by an island-wide blight.

They looked out across the harbour, watched a dinghy sailing over towards White's Island, and headed back home.

At the end of the docks, a couple of ladies on stools sat nodding contentedly in the shadows of Shed Number One. Before them, in upturned barrels, was a small display of local fruits - bananas, grapefruits and oranges. Several bunches of Easter Lillies lay nearby on the ground on a piece of cloth. A horse trotted by with a carriage, causing a flurry of dust to rise and then settle on their display. One of them flicked her hand above the fruit, smiled and nestled back onto her seat.

Opposite, on the other side of the road, was Heyl's Corner. Edith and Georgia elegantly bunched their dresses and underskirts into their hands, stepped carefully across the street and reached the pavement outside the Apothecary. In one window was an advertisement for "Dr. Brunton's Mouth Wash", a much advocated concotion of the time which had been carefully prepared by Dr. T. Lauder Brunton of London as "both a germecider and deodorising agent". Inside, around the walls,were shelves lined with porcelain, glass and ceramic jars containing pills, chemicals, colourful liquids and herbs. On one there was a row of cans and packages of health food from "Francis H. Leggett & Co." of New York. Successfully touted locally for their dietetic values, Leggett's products claimed the support of "the physician, the hygienist and the housekeeper" and offered items in everything from Nabob Cherries through to Buckwheat Flour, Spices and Cambridge Coffee. Further back, a large advertisement announced the benefits of drinking Hunyadi Janos' "Hungarian Bitter Waters" - an internal "cleaner and regulator". On another shelf was a modest pile of Kodak film.

Behind the counter stood Mr. James Bell Heyl the druggist and, incidentally, the official U. S. Vice-Consul to Bermuda. He was a trained chemist who had actually come to Bermuda from Philadelphia in 1844, for health reasons. He found that the climate was kind to his frequent bouts of fever and ague and decided to stay. Over the years, he had earned considerable respect for his professional dedication and skills; he was affable and well-liked. For relaxation James Heyl enjoyed the hobby of photography - taking pictures all over the island and then developing them at home in a series of trays in the kitchen.

In 1899, the man she saw behind the counter was already in his mid-seventies and ill-health had not been kind to his ageing body. At this stage of his life, he had still not gained an international reputation as a photographer, and nor had she. In just five years time, James Heyl would be dead.

Georgia and Edith turned away, talking. Storm clouds had begun to build-up on the horizon and the skies had already begun to grow dull. They hurried home.

5. A typically busy day on Front Street.

6. Humbly pausing for a drink.

7. Awaiting patrons outside the Hamilton Hotel.

8. The Colonial Secretariat building.

9. Burnaby Street - from a moving carriage!

10. Church Street, near the Cathedral.

11. Patient and relaxed in the heat of the day.

12. The main Post Office, in Hamilton.

13. Storage shed on the Hamilton wharf.

14. Fruit sellers in the shade.

15. The Hamilton quayside.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY:

Edith Parker was a lover of the outdoors and the Bermuda which she discovered in 1899 was a magnifcent, satisfying landscape of constantly contrasting beauty. She found the serenity of farms and pastures; she discovered copses with glades waiting to be explored. She encountered undergorund lakes, their entrances concealed by twisting vines. There were clusters of trees and woodlands everywhere. And in the midst of this were tiny cottages surrounded by neat ornamental gardens, beds of flowers and colourful shrubs. Encircled by the warmth of a crystal sea, Bermuda was surely Nature's finest cornucopia.

During her two week holiday, she spent countless hours wandering with Georgia along narrow paths and tracks; together they strolled through miles of countryside, enjoying a unique tranquility in which peace was disturbed only by the flight of a bird, or the rustle of palms.

Edith was impressed by how fresh and healthy the plant-life always appeared to be. She was fascinated by the ever-present hibiscus and oleander bushes which seemed to grow wild, no matter where they turned - exotic blooms of pink, red, white and yellow tastefully tossed among the greenery. The light-blue flowers of a plumbago grew gently in their midst.

There were cedar trees everywhere, rising from the shrubbery to stand tall above the landscape; cedars, their roots forcing a way through cracks in quarry faces, their gnarled trunks peering from atop banks along the roadside. And in the denser undergrowth below, she saw small palms, cherries and fiddlewoods desperately struggling for light and space among sharp-pointed aloes; Spanish Moss drooped from slender branches and fluttered above her head in the breeze. The ground was covered with a variety of grasses and broad ferns; the delicate Maidenhair lined the edges of grottos and damp caves. Here and there they found clusters of wild Easter Lilies, each trumpetting perfume into the humid air.

One day during her first week, they drove by carriage along the South Shore, through Paget and on into Warwick. The road was narrow, uneven and badly rutted by cart wheels - really not much more than a broad path, with hardly enough space for another vehicle to pass by. But the endless discomfort of being gently bounced and tossed was more than worthwhile when they had glimpses of the ocean from the cliff tops, or when they drove through the cool shade of a natural tunnel of swaying oleanders.

Edith and Georgia left the carriage and strolled along the beaches. They trod among Oxeye and Buttonwoods, low-lying bushes which hug the coast and protect the rocky shoreline from the relentless spray of breaking waves. They saw Prickley Pears interwoven with sprawling, sinuous Morning Glory; they looked at the purple flowers of the ice plants which cascaded among the inland dunes. In long skirts, knee-length boots and jaunty straw hats, they lay on the sand; they watched land crabs scurrying into their holes; they looked at jellyfish stranded in the seaweed. They climbed the rocks and Edith photographed.

A couple of days later Georgia's husband took them out for another carriage ride.

This time, they headed eastwards along the South Shore, through Devonshire and Smith's Parishes, and stopped at "Devil's Hole". A natural aquarium situated in a small grotto, it had been first opened to the public in 1834. Here, they gazed into the grotto and watched dozens of different types of fish swimming, feeding and darting in the deep waters below. A small boy in a grey suit and matching cap watched with fascination as she peered into her camera and took a photograph. A shark circled in the waters closeby.

From there they drove along the Harrington Sound Road and gazed across this large inland body of water, out at the small islands which rise from its calm shining surface. There was scarcely a ripple that day, except for the subtle swirls left by two rowing boats dragging a clam net behind them.

They travelled aroundthe Sound as far as"Tom Moore's Tavern", where they had a picnic on the waters' edge near the mangroves. Grey snappers fed off their scraps; a turtle dozed on the surface oblivious to their presence. Edith was delighted to be so close to this famous old building which dated back to 1652, and photographed it. Poet Tom Moore's celebrated calbash tree stood by her side, just as sturdy as she had imagined it would be.

After lunch they packed everything into the wicker basket, placed it into the back of the carriage and then cautiously followed a maze of slippery paths into the undergrowth. Beyond the swamps they discovered potholes and caves buried beneath the sprawling vegetation. Ancient giant cactus plants rose menacingly from layers of ferns and fiddlewoods; they were ominous and unmoving in the changing shadows - like statues, frozen as they lunged their sharp tips out at the surrounding air. Surinam cherry bushes abounded everywhere and the two ladies picked some fruit which had ripened early.

They drove back towards Hamilton in the middle of the afternoon and, as usual, they were back in Fairylands before it was dark. This was not because it was particularly dangerous to be abroad at night. On the contrary it was remarkably safe and highway crime was essentially non-existent. No, the reason for wanting to avoid night time travel was that there were no lights along the country roads and there was therefore some degree of danger that, in the flickering half-light of a carriage lamp, a wheel might strike an unseen boulder, or the horses might stumble on a misplaced rock.

No matter where they went, Edith was always observant and inquisitive. On one occasion she noticed an abundance of Night Blooming Cereus and saw how it climbed trees and fences, and then draped elegantly over the top of a grey, dry stone wall. Another time she noted how many different types of palm trees she could find - the Palmetto, the Fan Palm, the Date Palm, the Coconut Palm and the splendid, stately Royal Palms which frequently lined the frontage of larger properties.

As ever, she photographed what she saw - a field of lilies; banana trees and pawpaws; cedars at Spanish Point; palms outside the Princess Hotel; undergrowth behind a wall. She saw it all and tried to capture it forever.

From Gibbs Hill, she gazed out over the islands and bays which fill the Great Sound. She had so easily appreciated Bermuda's natural beauty but from here she also grew to appreciate another characteristic of the landscape; one which she had almost forgotten. Bermuda was, afterall, a farming community.

Farmland could be seen everywhere from east to west, wherever her eyes chose to roam. There were neat rectangular patches of pasture, with cattle grazing nonchalantly in the grass; elsewhere, carefully ploughed fields burst with rows of fresh vegetables. In particular, these islands were noted for their high-quality onions, potatoes and green vegetables, although there was also a significant export trade in flower bulbs. Easter Lilies were forever in demand at this time of year, both as cut blooms and as bulbs for next season's plantings. In 1898, produce with a value close to 98,000 pounds sterling had been exported to the United States and this figure - already three times greater than Bermuda's national budget for that year - increased even more during 1899. Both Canada and distant Britain were also vital partners in Bermuda's export trade and considerable quantities of onions, hides, arrowroot and tallow were sent to those two countries.

Small white farmhouses were dotted all over the place, but there were so few of them that they never had a chance to dominate the soothing beauty of the green, undulating landscape. In fact, as she scanned the panorama from up on Gibbs HIll she noticed that buildings were so widely dispersed that some areas appeared to be completely uninhabited. (An official Government Report at that time revealed that Bermuda had 2867 inhabited houses, plus another 463 which were somewhat intriguingly classified as "uninhabited". A further 532 were still under construction.)

To Edith, it was as if no two buildings were alike and she was clearly impressed by the immense variety of homes in general. She was fascinated by their shapes, sizes, colours; their gardens, the shutters; the roof tops; the tanks for storing freshwater. At one place, she raised her camera to capture a stand of bamboo, beyond which she could peer and see an elegant mansion. At another spot she felt the charm of an old abandoned house, paint flaking off its walls, steps crumbling, windows shattered.

On a hill in Pembroke she walked passed a small square house - "a native's home" as she later described it. It was plain, simple and ordinary; it lacked the elegance of the wealthier houses and was encircled by a bare patch of garden, devoid of flowering plants. But Edith detected something special here: perhaps she could feel its warmth, or maybe she recognised the coziness which made it a family-home. She photographed it, with Hamilton in the background.

She and Georgia wandered continuously. They stopped to pick flowers along quiet lanes, where the only signs of life might be an occasional donkey tethered to a post, ears twitching and tail flicking-off annoying little fruit flies. Elsewhere, they watched a horse tugging silently at its plough. At another they paused to watch a lone farmer in a wagon, creaking his way along the crest of a field.

She found that there was a quietness to Bermuda. A tranquility broken only by the noise of the wind jostling the palms, or the breaking of gentle waves along the beaches. She listened to the chirping of birds; saw bright red cardinals chasing one another in the tree tops. She and Georgia stood on the highest rocks overlooking the South Shore and watched longtails gliding far out at sea; and then they watched them swoop inland towards their nests - hidden somewhere in the craggy cliff-face beneath where the two ladies were standing. Edith knew that she could never hope to catch them on film, they were far too distant and fast, but it was some consolation to have enjoyed such things.

In the warm evenings, they took strolls along the byeways of Fairylands, or sat listening to the water at Mills Creek. Life beyond the limits of the big city was peaceful indeed!

16. Easter Lilies and paw-paws.

17. Fan palms in front of the Princess Hotel.

18. The Princess Piazza and dock.

19. The loving family out for a ride.

20. Along the road to Spanish Rock.

21. The Devil's Hole.

22. Tom Moore's

23. Sir Thomas Moore's House.

24. The wooden bridge at Flatts.

25. A cut in the road to South Shore.

26. Night blooming cereus along a pathway.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.....

Although Bermuds sits alone in the Western Atlantic, her people have never felt isolated or cocooned from world events.

Ever since the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609, boats of all types and nations have used it as a regular port-of-call and, as a result, information from distant shores constantly filtered through the reefs and into eager ears. Investors, businessmen, settlers, travellers, soldiers and sailors all came through here and each infused fresh ideas and opinions into the pool of local conversation.

The result of all of this was that Edith Parker did not find herself sitting in the backwaters, being bored by stagnant gossip. On the contrary, she soon realised that for all of its natural charm and unrushed tranquility, Bermuda was far from being a place where the natives sat idly on walls chewing mangos, or dangled their feet in the water and talked only of fish. Bermuda listened eagerly to passengers and crew as they talked about occurences in others ports, other countries and other oceans. And the presence of a local newspaper ensured that important news was quickly passed throughout the land. When all else failed there was "the grape-vine", of which tradition claimed that if you blew your nose in St. George's they knew about it in Somerset, before the handkerchief was put away! News had always spread quickly in Bermuda!

Edith was therefore exposed to a whole range of topics, as people talked at home, on the streets and within the hallowed chambers of the Parliament Buildings.

Farming and exporting, of course, were always being discussed - afterall, Bermuda was an agricultural community and local farmers relied heavily upon outlets on the Eastern Seaboard for their income. In fact, when Edith had stood watching the "Trinidad" being loaded for its return trip to New York its holds were right then being re-packed with more potatotes, mixed vegetables and boxes of onions. This being Easter time, each cargo ship also usually carried well in excess of a thousand boxes of lily bulbs.

Agriculture impacted on the lives of all who lived here. Dockworkers, shipping agents, bankers, politicians, wagon drivers, landowners, field hands, street sellers, shopkeepers and householders all felt an undeniable connection with what was growing from the soil. And when the steamships returned from the States, few were those who had no interest in hearing about the auction value of the latest shipment of Bermudian farm produce.

In the Easter of 1899, several issues were of special concern to local farmers. Firstly, there was their total reliance on the auction system: goods were locally consigned to Mr. W. T. James of Hamilton, who sent then to his New York agents "Harvey and Outerbridge". They, in turn, took it to the "Fruit Auction Company" who put it up for bid. The steamship captains then relayed the information back to Bermuda. It was not only cumbersome but lay Bermuda's economy at the mercy of an overseas, weekly auction. Furthermore, the recent bankruptcy of New York auctioneer Edward Goodsell had sparked extra concern. The "Central Parishes Planters Club" had met to discuss this problem during Miss Parker's first week and a

follow-up meeting was planned in Southampton for the end of the month - at which Messrs Prall and Egerton promised some dramatic proposals.

Each week, of course, everyone talked about the latest prices - and when Edith travelled down in late March, Captain Frazer was dutifully carrying that all-important list of the prices fetched by his last cargo of local farm produce. People were particularly impressed that Thaddeus Trott, Mr. Leoblin and W. S. Perinchief had each just got the top rate of $3.55 for their boxes of onions; and they sympathised with poor Mr. Douglas whose shipment had been classified as inferior "Grade 2" and therefore worth much less. In Smith's Parish, the word promptly spread that H. J. Zuill's potatoes were the only ones to reap $9.25 per barrel - leaving Dudley Hollis and George West heading back to the land to see where they went wrong with theirs!

Meanwhile, shopkeepers prepared to adjust prices and housewives accordingly reassessed their weekly budgets. Georgia likewise took note of the changes.

Another topic of island-wide conversation was the feasability of switching arable land over to citrus orchards. Landowners were lured by estimates that each tree could earn 100 pounds sterling annually, but workers were alarmed about the obvious lay-offs which such a transition would inevitably bring to the work-force. In the newspaper, one aesthetic tried to sway public support by presenting the delightful image of "beautiful golden fruit hanging over its dark foliage, the air full of the sweet odour from its lovely snowy blossoms, all made more beautiful by the hum of those wonderful workers, the bees". Bermudians sat back and contemplated oranges.

These issues, of course, were why the U. S. Secretary for Agriculture was now in Bermuda. Whilst Edith Parker had been wandering through the undergrowth and sitting on beaches, her fellow-passenger, Mr. Woods, had been actively trying to dissuade Bermudian farmers from abandoning the export of vegetable produce in favour of oranges. The dangers inherent in a single-base economy were obvious, he argued lamely, as they turned their heads indifferently and chatted about the apparent profit to be made by growing "under commercial glass". Already, among themselves, they were busy discussing methods for growing strawberries, ginseng, grapes and orchids.

Traffic was another major talking-point. At last count there were 682 carriages, 909 carts, 141 wagons and 823 bikes on Bermuda's roads; such alarming congestion was clearly a danger. "Something will have to be done!" was the cry of the people, as parliamentarians nodded agreement.

Although just a visitor, Edith understood it all too well. On Easter Monday alone she had heard of two accidents. One involved a tourist on a pedal bicycle who collided with a carriage right outside the Apothecary on Front Street. Mercifully, through the prompt services of Mr. Heyl, the young lady was able to return to her hotel "a trifle shaken but nothing more serious". In the same place a short while later, a full carriage owned by Mr. Pewtherer of Paget struck Dr. Outerbridge's stationary buggy. Men spilled onto the street, wheels were shattered and one of the horses fled in panic up Queen Street, hotly pursued by its driver. Meanwhile Fred Swan, the wheelwright on Reid Street, was summonsed to make some prompt repairs.

"Traffic is getting out of hand!" Bermudians protested. "Parliamentarians should be debating - not taking an Easter break!" (On 21st April, colonial surveyor Cardy Hallett put the task

of repairing all roads out to tender - it was at least a step in the right direction.)

The weekend of Edith's arrival had been a time for local sailing enthusiasts to enjoy some important racing, and the outcome of various races tended to dominate the conversation of those who followed boating. True devotees were also aware that as the "Trinidad" was docking, the traditional Oxford vs. Cambridge boat-race was taking place on the River Thames, in London. It would be almost a week before the outcome would be known in Bermuda - a delay which again brought up the subject of Reginald Fessenden.

Reginald Fessenden was a Canadian genius who taught in Bermuda at the Whiteney Institute from 1884 to 1886.

After charging that Bermuda was "a blind alley" for his ambitions, Fessenden married the beautiful Miss Helen May Trott - daughter of well-known planter Thaddeus Trott - and left for New York, to work for a Mr. Thomas Edison. During a return visit in 1898, this brillliant eccentric caused much mirth locally by telling his father-in-law that it would soon be possible to use telegraphy to give instant "voice reports" on things such as the New York to Bermuda ocean races. "You could even talk directly form Bermuda to New York!" he had suggested, whilst family members tried to keep straight faces.

That weekend, as sportsmen wondered who had won the 56th, Annual English Boat Race, they joked in the Yacht Club about how Reggie Fessenden's magical ideas of telegraphy could have put them instantly at ease. A week later they learnt that Cambridge had won by four lengths and that the Oxford crew had fainted on the finishing line. Eighteen months later, on December 23rd, 1900, they also learnt that Reginald Aubrey Fessenden had made history with "the first voice transmission beyond shouting distance" - by speaking to Mr.Theissen, a research colleague who was signal-receiving in a nearby shack. After which Thad Trott's son-in-law was always talked about with absolute respect. (He eventually patented 500 inventions, including the depth-finder, and decoded Ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, before being laid to rest in St. Mark's Cemetary, Bermuda, in July 1932).

In fishing circles, intense and emotional conversations centred on a report which an American expert had made to the Government, about the size of the local catches. He had offered the highly offensive criticism that "the fishing industry is not engaged in to any extent" - and then promptly added further fuel to the fire by proposing that "experienced fishermen could be imported" to show the locals how to catch fish commercially. Outrage ripped from "The White Horse Tavern' in St. George's, right up through to the bars and moorings of Somerset, as Bermuda's old salts reacted with verbose horror at such impudence. And when the sands had settled among those troubled waters they sat down and considered his other remark - that American markets were eagerly awaiting bulk supplies of fish, from those who could regularly meet their needs.

In smaller groups all over Bermuda, people discussed whatever concerned them. Politicians sat at their desks lamenting the fact that 230 children were apparently cutting school. Some asked: "Does it matter?" Others commented that in the East End, children attended classes because they knew that if they played hookey they'd be caught by the local bogeymen - "Raw Head" and "Bloody Bones" - or might be snatched into a dark hole by "Mammy Sooky". "It's all a question of parenting," profoundly concluded one statesman.

At Dockyard, the Royal Navy's spirits had been soured by the loss of two men from H.M.S. Hotspur, drowned in a squall off the North Shore. Up in the army barracks at Prospect, soldiers reminisced about popular bandsman Private Simmonds of the 2nd Leincester Regiment, who had just dropped dead on stage whilst performing in Barbados. He had been "a man of wit...always anxious to amuse". Men of the Worcestershire Regiment thought of the foolishness of Drummer Collins - just starting 9 months with hard labour for "breaking and larceny". Nearby, in Observatory Cottage, Corporal. E. J. Harris of the Medical Corps wondered why he had suddenly been permanently assigned to weather recording.

In Parliament, tribute was paid to the Spanish Vice-Consul to Bermuda, Don Jose Garcia Acuna, soon to depart for a new posting in Venezuela aboard the S. S. Duarte Castle, with his sister.

On the social circuit, writer Rudyard Kipling was a conversational centre-piece and he repeatedly applauded his hosts' "unfailing courtesy". Rose and lily growers considered the merits of a new insecticide being advocated by Mr. Bishop of the Botanic Station.

It was difficult for Edith to keep abreast with all of the local talk.

At the Roman Catholic Church in Hamilton, there was much talk about the imminent departure of the Reverend A. A. Parker; his worshippers wondered how he would adapt to Newark, New Jersey - and so did he. At the Bermuda High School for Girls, Head Mistress Miss M. D. Tothill stated that although the annual rent of 100 pounds was "very burdonsome", the school would still open at its new location on Richmond Road as planned, on April 17th. At Saltus Grammar school Mr. T. Waddington finalised the prospectus for the Summer term and, over a pot of tea, talked with the staff about Bermuda's youth.

Businessmen considered the repercussions of the recent Cuban War and offered sympathy for U. S. General Brooke who was in Havana trying to "restore order" - amidst cries of "Yanqui go home!" Did he really think that $100 would induce officers to exchange pistols for hoes? And they could always argue about America's military attempts to retain a foothold in the Philipines. "Did they have any real right to be there?" And what about the trouble which Britain and Germany had got themselves into in Samoa - daily ambushes of young soldiers and massacres of innocent villagers. "What was the world coming to?" At least there was some hope that a recent letter from Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde would bring lasting peace to Ireland.

In the High Arctic, Swedish balloonist Andree was still missing whilst trying to fly to the North Pole.

And on the streets of Hamilton, the hapless Reverend R. H. Cole was still trying to sell his "Monitor Motor Launch", a circumstance precipitated by a new law which now required that such pleasure craft must always have a certified engineer on board.

27. A sunset scene, from the Princess Piazza.

28. Georgia and her true-love, on the road to Fairylands.

29. Clouded vegetation.

30. A deserted homestead.

31. A mansion beyond the bamboos.

32. Well-fed youngsters being called.

33. Peacefully perched above Hamilton.

34. A farmer gently going on his way.

35. From Georgia's point of view.

36. Fishing from the rocks.

37. Our friendly guides along the beach.

38. Watching for longtails from atop the coral cliffs.

39. A family home.

40. The inlet to the rear of the Princess Hotel.

MUCH TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN:

Although the Bermuda Government did not become directly involved in organising the country's growing tourist business until 1913, Bermudians had traditionally rewarded themselves, perhaps instinctively, with enough activities to ensure that their lives were pleasantly fulfilled. Miss Parker could hardly have complained that there was nothing to do in 1899. In fact, it was quite the opposite and she watched her two week holiday galloping away, without the slightest hope of doing all that she wished to do.

American writer Alfred Henry Lewis described his visits to Bermuda during this period in the most excited terms: "What with picnics, fishing trips, dances, amateur theatricals, drives and swimming parties", he said, "it is one continuous social round. One could miss a great deal out of one's life and still be happy remembering those drives back after a dance, along the shores of Harrington Sound, and the moonlight, the semi-tropical air and the smell of Jasmine flowers."

Edith shared this enthusiasm. With Georgia and her husband she admired the fish at Devil's Hole; they enjoyed the panoramic view from Gibb's HIll. They even explored some of the caves in the Walsingham area near Tom Moore's Tavern - descending with the light of Roman Candles, edging cautiously along narrow ledges as clouds of yellow smoke glowed into the mysterious darkness. They had spoken to others who had gone down much deeper into the unventilated caverns on rope ladders, but somehow it seemed to be lacking in decorum for two ladies in fine skirts and underslips to have done the same.

She went to the beaches and dipped her feet discretely into the ocean; she enjoyed endless strolls through the countryside. She paused at the Hamilton Hotel to watch guests playing tennis - a game which was then rapidly gaining popularity in the United States - and they managed to spend many enjoyable hours playing golf.

Golfing was one of the special attractions which hotels and private accomodations promoted in their advertisements, alongside "sea bathing, delightful boating and yachting; good fishing and best cycling". The Quebec Steamship Company, in its promotional material, also sought to woo passengers by promising them "fine shops, good tailors, cheap livery and 100 miles of stone road - never muddy".

Visitors and residents alike, particularly those in the Hamilton and Fairylands areas, played golf at "The Bermuda Golf Links". This popular course was situated on the North Shore in Pembroke Parish, on the gently sloping hillside between Deep Bay and Langton Hill; it rose to a maximum elevation of only 30 feet above sea-level, but offered excellent views of the ocean and shoreline. The surface was relatively smooth and covered in grass throughout most of its length; it was a course which enthusiasts had cheerfully classified as "challenging." Residents and visitors alike used it; and a quick round of golf was automatically included for official and private guests at Government House. It was sufficiently important to the recereational amenities of Prospect for Commanding Officer Lt. Col. E. C. S. Moore to insist that the Royal Engineers include it, in

detail, on their 1896 Bermuda map.

Whilst neither were golfing experts, Edith and Georgia each had sufficient skill to impress other golfers with their swings and general stroke-play. Edith photgraphed their efforts continuously. They had no trouble getting caddies because there were always plenty of youngsters waiting to be hired outside the club-house. Most of them were only about twelve years of age, but Edith was impressed by the manner in which they conducted themselves and how smartly they dressed: neat jackets, knee breeches, boots and straw hats.

Bermudians entertained themselves in many different ways. In the streets it was not uncommon to find impromptu dancing; on one corner in Hamilton Edith watched a child aged about four happily playing a tambourine for the benefit of her mother and passersby. A man leant against a doorway singing to himself. On the steps outside the Hamilton Hotel, a trio consisting of bango-player, guitarist and dancer regularily entertained patrons.

On Sundays most folk went to church and Easter Week, of course, was marked by a calender of special events. Throughout Bermuda, churches held services at which most of the congregations were filled to capacity. Everywhere, naves were decorated with colourful bunches of roses, lilies and other blooms, each set tastefully within green arrangements of palms, ferns and leaves. In the words of one cleric: "the vaults in the churchyards were overlaid with lilies, the perfume of life being strong over the easings of the harvest of death: As if inspired by such displays, the weather was perfect for the entire weekend; the temperatures lingered in the low seventies and there was nothing more troubling than a brief shower.

During the afternoon of Good Friday, the Wesley Church in Hamilton arranged for its second annual convention for soldiers and sailors. The service drew the military from all over the island and was officiated by Bermuda's three Wesleyan chaplains: the Reverends Burgess, Prestwood and Hickey. "The exercises were hearty and interesting and a good influence was felt."

Easter Sunday was a beautiful day which began with an appropriately spectacular sunrise at 5.51 a.m., and from that the weather just blossomed into perfection. Later in the morning, along the road in Paget, Edith photographed a group of women coming back from St. Paul's; they were dressed in their finest blouses and skirts, heads peaked with hats of elegant shapes and sizes; some wore capes. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, in Warwick, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler from Brooklyn was the guest preacher at evensong. He was a widely-respected orator who attracted large audiences, and collection plates, wherever he spoke. (On the following Thursday, spiritual mission accomplished, the travelling parson returned to his flock in New York, aboard the 'Trinidad".)

At the Wesley Centenary Chapel in Ireland Island, the Sunday School celebrated its eleventh year of operation and the Reverend Harry Burgess drew a good crowd to his Sunday sermon. The service concluded with a rousing performance by the choir, which had apparently improved by leaps and bounds since choirmaster A. E. Cocks " so zealously took it in hand",

Another eminent participant in the Easter festivities was Mr. Alfred R. Gaul, the organist of the Church of St. Augustine in Birmingham, England. A respected musician and composer, much was made of the fact that his composition "The Silent Land" had been sung for

competition in Paris by Henry Leslie's English choir; with it, they had won top honours plus a cash prize worth 500 pounds. Those lucky enough to acquire tickets heard Mr. Gaul play his celebrated cantata "The Holy City" (composed in 1882), supported by a full string band. For those unable to witness this historic extravaganza, the Dockyard Church Choir had obligingly arranged an alternatiave concert of their own, to which residents and tourists had been warmly invited. Edith, in fact, did neither; unable to get tickets for the recital, they decided against that long journey to The Dockyard and stayed at home for the evening.

Sunday s, however, were not always devoted soley to Church. One regular attraction was the formal military parade on the Drill Square up in Prospect. Visitors were always welcome to watch this weekly spectacle of pomp and pageantry; here on public display was the splendid British Army at its best, and visitors were encouraged to bring along their cameras to record the ceremony. Edith Parker had needed no such reminder. With Georgia and some of their family friends the group had made a particular effort to get there on 26th, March - just two days after her arrival - because it was an opportunity for them all to see a formal Change-of-Command. This day marked the assumption of authority by 2nd Lieutenant Cossart, and the end of Colonel Dalton's stay in Bermuda. (He had been recalled to London to take up duties "of great importance and responsibility" and their secretive nature had aroused considerable curiosity among speculating Bermudians.)

Edith saw the Worcestershire Regiment on Parade, as well as some colourful detatchments from the West Indies; and the regimental band provided some stirring marches under the nimble baton of Bandmaster Evans. The inspection was carried out jointly, with unflinching efficiency, by Colonel Dalton and Lieutenant Cossart, accompanied by Bermuda's Lt. Governor Mr. Digby Barker. As rifles were shouldered and heels clicked, Edith in turn clicked her camera at rows of soldiers. She snapped them as they marched; she even took a sneeky picture of a handsome young officer standing in the crowd, as two older ladies watched her, disapprovingly.

During the afternoon of Easter Monday, the Alexandrina Band was slated to perform in Victoria Park, Hamilton. For Bandmaster Wilson this was a career turning-point, because the group's previous public appearance had been two weeks earlier at the Hospital Bazaar - an event which one reporter had described as "a musical discord whose absence would have been appreciated"! Confessing to a lack of actual practice, inferior instruments and having had only treble and bass musicians on hand that day, Mr. Wilson vowed to return in triumph to the musical arena, with an immaculate and inspiring performance of polkas and waltzes. "We're only working men!" he lamented.

For those with more delicate tastes, and more tender ears, the Hamilton Hotel had organised "a programme of instrumental music", which was held at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday 25th, March. The highlight of the night was a clarinet solo played by Mr. Forsell andwritten by a young lady staying in the hotel - the female composer's name, however, was evidently not sufficiently important to warrant a mention in the programme!

Watching the arrival and departure of boats in the harbour was certainly another worthwhile way to pass the time of day. Looking across towards Grassy Bay and the Dockyard, Edith saw an impressive grouping of the British Navy at anchor. The H.M.S. Indefatigable was in port, along with the H.M.S.Renown and H.M.S.Alert. Later she watched H.M.S. Buzzard and H.M.S.Intrepid arrive. And when H.M.S.Pearl departed Edith pursuaded Georgia to arrange for

them to briefly follow it in a small boat, so that she could photograph its stern.

The docks were busy and exciting. She watched the "Trinidad" heading for New York on 5th. April, and even saw Mr. & Mrs. Strong on deck, as well as Miss Pugh - all of whom had travelled down with her. She saw the S. S. Smyrna arrive from Calcutta to take on coal, as well as the Italian steamer "Sofia Brailli". The Norwegian cargo boat "Daggry" made a brief stop on its way back from Halifax, as did the S. S. Beta, bound for Jamaica. On April 10th, an elegant British schooner named "Circassian" entered port, laden with salt and molasses from the Turks Islands. She had reported "leaks" and came in for repairs. The day before, Edith had noticed the United States warship "Raleigh" over at Grassy Bay; returning from a tour of active duty in the Philipines, Bermudians astutely deduced that its slate-grey colouring was "part of its warpaint".

It seemed to Edith Parker that each day there was so much to see and do. And when her holiday gradually eased towards its invevitable ending on Friday 14th. April she began to feel that lots of things had been left undone.

41. A shy young Bermudian in the shade.

42. A typical road with red cedars.

43. Little boy taking a rest.

44. Mixing business with pleasure.

45. The view from Gibbs' Hill.

46. Another boat glides through the passage.

47. Workers improving the roads.

48. Taking a quick lunch break.

49. A quarry used for procuring building materials.

50. A serene view of the world.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.....

On Thursday 13th, April 1899, the "Trinidad" returned to Bermuda.

It was perhaps her most significant voyage for the entire season. Firstly, Captain Frazer had brought the steamship all the way down from New York in the record-breaking time of just 44 hours and 33 minutes, from Pier 47 to Shed No. 1 in Hamilton. This was a full 46 minutes faster than the previous best and it remained a record-crossing through to modern times.

Another reason for why this particular voyage was noteworthy was the fact that Edith Ross Parker was booked to sail away on the return trip - Friday 14th, April. She had stood on the walkway by the Princess Hotel dock and watched the boat drifting into the harbour through a morning haze. It was a fine ship and had seemed to glide over the still waters almost without making more than just a few gentle ripples. But for Edith the sight was tinged with sorrow. It symbolised the end of her holiday.

She and Georgia had spent the last few days trying not to waste a moment of their time. They went shopping in Hamilton and took some final drives by carriage into the surrounding countryside. They played another round of golf and went for a walk along the beaches. Edith liked Bermuda and toyed with the idea of returning at some other date. She had even noted that the S. S. "Beta" did regular bi-weekly runs from here down to Jamaica and the Turks Islands; that was another possibility to bear in mind for the future.

It was some consolation to her that Bermuda was essentially a winter resort - a place to which North Americans escaped in order to avoid "the wretched cold with its sneezing and coughing population", as one circular so eloquently put it. Bermuda was also widely promoted as a spa where "invalides can benefit from a healthy climate and good waters". Very few properties advertised themselves as "all-year" because, for most people, Bermudian summers were far too hot and humid; the vast majority of visitors came between October and Easter when the weather was more temperate. Therefore, as Edith's holiday was ending, the tourist season as a whole was beginning to wind down for the rest of Bermuda. The Hamilton Hotel was preparing to close within two weeks and, at the Princess Hotel, Manager Mr. N. Howe had just confirmed that his hotel would be shutting its doors on April 30th. In fact, the passenger list for Edith's own voyage back to New York included "30 hotel assistants" - part of the transient seasonal work-force returning to the United States. On her next trip down to Bermuda the 'Trinidad" would carry only 16 passengers; most berths would be empty.

Edith and Georgia had found all sorts of shopping to do during the last few days. "H. A. & E. Smith's" had a 50% sale on gloves, plus special prices on night dresses, vests and corset-covers; and Mr. A. Smith, the St. George's importer, had just announced the acquisition of a fresh supply of "Ceylindo Tea" which he was distributing through "several outlets in Hamilton". Georgia was particularly eager to go into "John F. Burrows" on Front Street, where she had been told they were selling bacon at 6d. per lb. and California ham for only 4d. per lb;., the store also had limited stocks of red salmon at 5/6d. for a dozen tins. ("Wainwright's" was

bulk-selling sugar in 100 lb bags for 14/-, but this obvious bargain was of as much use to the ladies as was the special price of 3/6d which "Samuel D. Robinson" of Burnaby Street was offering on 100 lb. sacks of Canadian hay!).

Different and interesting items were always appearing in the local shops; that was an advantage of living in an important island port.

Out of curiosity, they also visited the brand new store of "T. J. Pearman and Son". There was much chatter about this new business because it had introduced something which was mysteriously described as "a novel innovation". At their official opening on Thursday 6th April, the owners had announced a revolutionary policy which they described as "the principle of selling for cash". To a bewildered public they explained that this procedure was "not because we doubt a person's financial standing" but was due to the trouble and expense of keeping paper accounts and "reminders of monies due". They said that it would help to reduce costs and gradually lead to lower prices, but only time would tell what was really behind such a peculiar move. With a tradition of credit and bartering, selling for "cash only" seemed absurd to the vast majority of Bermudians!

Throughout Hamilton, they saw fresh advertisements for "Calvert's Carbolic Ointment", the popular miracle ointment which claimed to cure everything from bee stings, sunburn and ear-ache, through to sore throats and tired eyes. In the window of Mr. Heyl's Apothecary they noticed a new poster for "Dr. Brunton's Mouthwash for tooth decay" - Hamilton dentist Dr. S. Smith had recently tested the concotion himself and advocated that it was best taken with a wine-glass of water. Edith nipped into the shop for some Kodak 101 film. This brief business transaction was the only time that these two important amateur photographers spoke to each other.

But shopping wasn't the only way they spent their days. At this time of the year, Bermuda was alive with activities and options.

On the steps of the Mechanics Building, St. Andrew's Church Guild was holding a bake sale; celebrated organist Alred Gaul was about to repeat his rendition of "The Holy City" - with a silver collection at the door. The St John's Church was readying for its bazaar on Thursday, with proceeds from the 6d. admission fee going to the organ fund. On Edith's last Monday, they had intended going to the Theatre Royal to watch the opening night of the widely acclaimed play "The Geisha", however that plan was thwarted by a persistent downpour which deterred them from leaving the house.

One afternoon they visited Prospect Garrison for a short while to watch some of the Annual Athletics Sports of the 2nd. Battalion Worcestershire Regiment. The previous day, banks of clouds had rolled up from the south but an overnight storm had cleared these away and left "a splendid bright day'. Edith and Georgia stayed long enough to catch Corporal Everitt's victorious two mile cycle race and the sensational cricket-ball throw of Lance-Corporal Walker. After watching Private Ball "pushing the shot" to victory, and Private Broadhead defeating all-comers in the long jump, they walked down Middle Road and back into Hamilton.

On Edith Parker's last night in Bermuda, there was an exciting dance being held at The Dockyard and the organisers had announced that they had arranged for a ferry service to collect guests from the steps of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club at 8.30 p.m. However, there was still

some packing to do and so they decided to have a quiet supper and spent those final hours at home.

A crewman from the "Trinidad" had mentioned that the weather in New York the previous weekend had been in the mid 30's, with winds blowing gusts of Arctic air form the north-east. Sitting in the comfort of Georgia's dining room, with the outside temperature at 65 degrees that night, the thought of leaving in the morning was doubly ominous. Since the rainfall on Monday, Bermuda had been sunny for the entire week and was clearly getting warmer.

As Edith packed bags, they talked about what they could have done had she been able to stay little longer. There was the upcoming 11th. Agricultural Show set for May 4th, in the nearby grounds of "Rosebank" in Pembroke; with categories open from flowers to livestock, she would just loved to have stayed for it. She had also wanted to go to the Dog and Cat Show, which organiser Mr. W. K. Morrison promised would be better than all others. Then there was to be a reading of Rudyard Kipling at the Hamilton Hotel next week, by Miss Minna Caroline Smith, which she would also have liked to attend; and the two-act comedy by H. J. Byron which she had seen advertised. She'd miss that too. Likewise, she was curious to know about the wedding scheduled for next Monday between Lt. Allan Smith of the H.M.S. Hotspur and Mary Kennedy Brown of Boston - it had already been heralded as the "grandest naval wedding that has ever taken place in Bermuda". She would have loved to have seen that.

Casually Georgia talked of attending the china and glass auction which John Barritt was arranging for the following Tuesday, on East Broadway; how Edith wanted to go with her!

As they sat talking on the porch that last night, they reminisced on what they had done and seen. It had all come to an end far too soon.

Friday 14th, April began with a brilliant display of sunrise reds and oranges; the waters in Hamilton Harbour were calm and still; only a few scattered clouds disturbed the blues in the sky. The "Trinidad' sat comfortably at dock, her cargo holds already packed with potatoes and onions; her crew making final preparations for departure. On the upper deck stood Captain Frazer, eager to take his boat back into the seas which she had left only one day before. Edith arrived by carriage with Georgia and her husband; the mood was quiet and restrained. Leaving is never easy.

A deckhand took her baggage and went on board. Edith hugged and kissed, then showed her tickets to Purser Brown and walked up the gangway. The wooden planking was well-worn and she carefully looked down at her feet with each step,so as not towobble and make a false move. A seaman held her by the arm and then gently directed her as she stepped down onto the deck. She turned back to smile and wave at Georgia, blew them both a kiss and then followed a steward to her cabin. At eleven o'clock, the "Trinidad" hauled anchor and was cast free of the dock. Smoke rising from her funnels, she steamed away from Bermuda.

51. Building a yacht with red cedar.

52. An expert on the first green!

53. Striking out from the seventh tee.

54. A little art of the course.

55. The new Bermuda Golf Club House.

56. The third green showing elevation.

57. Keeping an eye on the ball.

58. Bermuda's North Shore, from the sixth hole.

59. An obviously challenging course!

60. Cedars and road along the North Shore.

61. A young native dancer.

62. Ladies returning from Church on Good Friday.

63. Archway on the road to the barracks.

64. Drilling for the Sunday Service.

65. The Royal Worcestershore Regiment.

66. An irresistable specimen!

67. Some splendid hats watching the parade.

REFLECTIONS FROM A DECK.....

She leant against the rails of the "Trinidad' and watched Bermuda gradually disappear beneath the horizon. And she may well have wondered about how these islands would change with the arrival of the new, twentieth century.

There were, of course, already signs that life in Bermuda had changed. Even in the sixty years of Queen Victoria's present reign, a generation could notice the differences. Edith had read a letter in the "Royal Gazette", in which 'Old Bermudian' was deploring "how things have changed since I was young...". He mentioned that the Sabbath was traditionally kept Holy, that it was wicked to treat it as otherwise; however "now you may amuse yourself as much as you please...so long as you go to the early service!" Then he went on to lament the spread of gambling - once taboo, it was "now being encouraged at Church Fairs. It was once considered unfair to lie; now lying seems to be indispensible...Will some of your readers kindly tell me which of these changes is for the better?" he pleaded with the Editor.

A gentleman tourist from Philadelphia had also added his comments on various changes which he had noticed during frequent visits between 1893 and 1899:

"There are too many signs threatening to prosecute tresspassers", he had stated in the newspaper columns. "Take down those signs! Your brothers and sisters from America do not come down here as tramps - but as ladies and gentlemen. You invite us down and then tell us to keep out of everywhere! Even the Admiral's home at Clarence Hill now requires a permit to visit."

With his literary adrenalin reaching high tide, the irate gentleman concluded with: "There is a growing tendency of the young not to show courtesy and politeness to elders, as was the case. For this I blame their parents and the clergy!"

However, for all of the complaints about such clearly undesireable social changes, there was certainly some consolation to be taken from the words of the Chief Justice. Addressing the congregation at the traditional Cathedral service to open the upcoming Assizes, Sir Joseph Rees had paid a compliment to Bermuda's general well-being by announcing that "there are not many cases before the courts this session". The country was indeed a safe place to live in; crimes of any magnitude were scarce and even burglary was still sufficiently unusual as to produce raised eye-brows throughout the land, whenever it occurred.

One area in which Edith Parker could clearly predict radical changes was that of Bermuda's communciations with the rest of the world. The Halifax and Bermuda Cable Company had been established at number 6 Front Street for many years and had recently opened another office in St. George's Town Hall. Georgia had told her that demands for cables to New York, for example, had increased so much that recently the company had been able to announce a fee reduction of 50% over the previous year's charges. Traffic supervisor L. G. Martin was apparently anticipating a far greater volume of business in the near future.

Ships of all shapes and sizes - passenger carriers, mail, military and cargo - called with such regularity as to make the docks in both St. George's and Hamilton forever busy. They

deposited people and freight; they came for repairs; steamships called into the East End for coal. It was difficult to imagine the quayside getting any busier ! Yachts constantly came by - among them the celebrated "Sunbeam" which cruised the Atlantic and Caribbean with Lady Brassey on board, sitting in a deckchair penning travelogues. (In 1883, this good lady had helped to form the Bermuda Chapter of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade - in itself, a milestone improvement in social medicine). There was even talk that Sir Thomas Lipton might soon sail to Bermuda in"Shamrock", his recently-named Americas Cup Challenger - a sign that annual ocean races would continue to increase in popularity.

Actually, Hamilton docks had now become so congested that there had been a recent public call for the Corporation to improve facilities, although it was difficult to imagine how this might be accomplished. Such hustle and bustle was still something of a novelty to Bermudians and even in Parliament one member had expressed surprise at seeing so many people "using kodaks to record the onion trolleys being wheeled in and out of the crowds". Obviously, photography was also about the become more fashionable; more and more tourists would probably be arriving with cameras. Next visit, Edith would be less conspicuous; less of an oddity!

Within Bermuda the conditions for road travel had likewise been steadily improving. Indeed there had been so many improvements recently that Edith had even heard that Dr. Sarzana was hoping to be able to plan regular weekly visits to St. George's in the near future. This proposed service was a major medical breakthrough if ever there was! - providing, of course, that patients could survive the wait for the surgery to open on Fridays between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., at Mr. Swainson's house! However, it was undoubtedy progress and not to be sneezed at, so to speak. Things could only get better in the years ahead. One could even imagine, in the no so distant future, a large and fully-equipped hospital being built; the present, admittedly delightful cottage hospital was gradually proving to be quite inadequate for a population already touching 17,000 souls.

Or were these things just pipe-dreams?

The "Trinidad' was well out at sea as Edith thought of the lush vegetation and open spaces which abounded everywhere. She could not envisage the islands becoming built-up; could not picture Bermuda becoming less green; could not imagine it without flowers everywhere. She hoped that the researchers at England's Kew Gardens would find a way to control the Easter Lily disease - a problem which had drastic economic repercussions; there was already a plan to completely replace it with Calla Lilies. Although neither Georgia nor she had liked the thought of a Bermuda without Easter Lilies, in 1899 it had become a real possibility. Could it be saved? she wondered. Of course, the cedar trees she knew would always be there.

As the steamship "Trinidad" headed further into the Atlantic, Bermuda had already begun to charter a new course. This tiny cluster of islands was on the threshold of another century.

In the decades to come, Bermuda was destined to confront an age revolutionised by transport. The narrow, winding roads which Edith Parker had found so enchanting would become straightened and widened in order to accomodate cars and buses. Longbird Island and St. David's Island would be welded together by the landfill for a busy airport; planes would streak through the skies with such regularity as to be accepted and ignored. And could Edith Parker possibly have realised that close to where she had steamed passed St. David's Lighthouse there would one day loom dishes of equipment, capable of tracking rockets to the moon?

Pastures and farmland would diminish rapidly in order to make way for the homes which an increasing population demanded. As tourism slowly replaced agriculture as Bermuda's prime source of income many people would recall the warning which U. S. Secretary Woods had given farmers about the fragile nature of a single-base economy - a point mentioned whilst trying to dissuade them from converting mixed-farms into citrus orchards. Furthermore, as man further encroached on the open spaces, there would be inevitable changes in the scope of habitat for wildlife. Aspects of Bermuda's delicate ecological balance would be severely and irreparably disrupted. The cedars would be all but wiped-out by a microscopic blight, imported in error during a the mid-1940's.

In the century which lay ahead, hotels rose all the way along the once sparsely populated South Shore; beaches began to become increasingly full of couples, and families and groups; barbeques replaced the far more idyllic driftwood fires around which beach-combing Bermudians had once sat to watch the setting sun. High-powered speed boats would replace the more tranquil slapping of oars and rowing boats, which Edith and Georgia had listened to. Transportable music machines would help to breach the natural noises of breaking waves and flapping wings.

The fledgling tourist industry which Edith had been a part of in 1899, blossomed within eighty years from just a few hundred persons per week into many thousands of visitors each day. Weekly calls by one solitary steamship like the "Trinidad" were destined to be replaced by three and four cruise ships at a time, each capable of carrying somewhere close to a thousand visitors.

But how did Bermuda change fundamentally?

When Edith Ross Parker visited Bermuda, she had photographed serenity and natural tranquility; she had seen a pace of life which was largely devoid of the agitation and frustrations found elsewhere. She had found a corner of the World in which many different kinds of people were living in apparent harmony, their backgrounds and origins blurred into one until they were all simply "Bermudians". She had photographed palm trees, people playing golf and proud old buildings; she had wandered through mangroves, enjoyed the shade of arched oleanders and climbed down caves. She had watched fish swimming in the clear waters around the shores, and she had looked out across Hamilton Harbour to see boats of all sizes and nations enjoying the protection of secluded bays and islands.

In this way, Bermuda didn't change atall. Tourists still fall off bikes, just as they did on Eastern Monday in 1899; and you can still get a ride in a horse-drawn carriage. Politicans are still trying to solve the traffic problems; children play hookey from school and businessmen can still be found chatting in groups on Front Street.

But above all else, the charm of these unique islands has been left fundamentally undamaged by the ravages of time, and man's abuse. Like Edith Ross Parker had done in 1899, you can still wander along quiet lanes with few distractions other than the breaking of waves, the rustle of palms and the sight of longtails, cardinals and bluebirds flitting among trees and cliffs.

You can still find parts of Bermuda as it used to be....

68. Another boat steaming into port.

69. All aboard the next ferry!

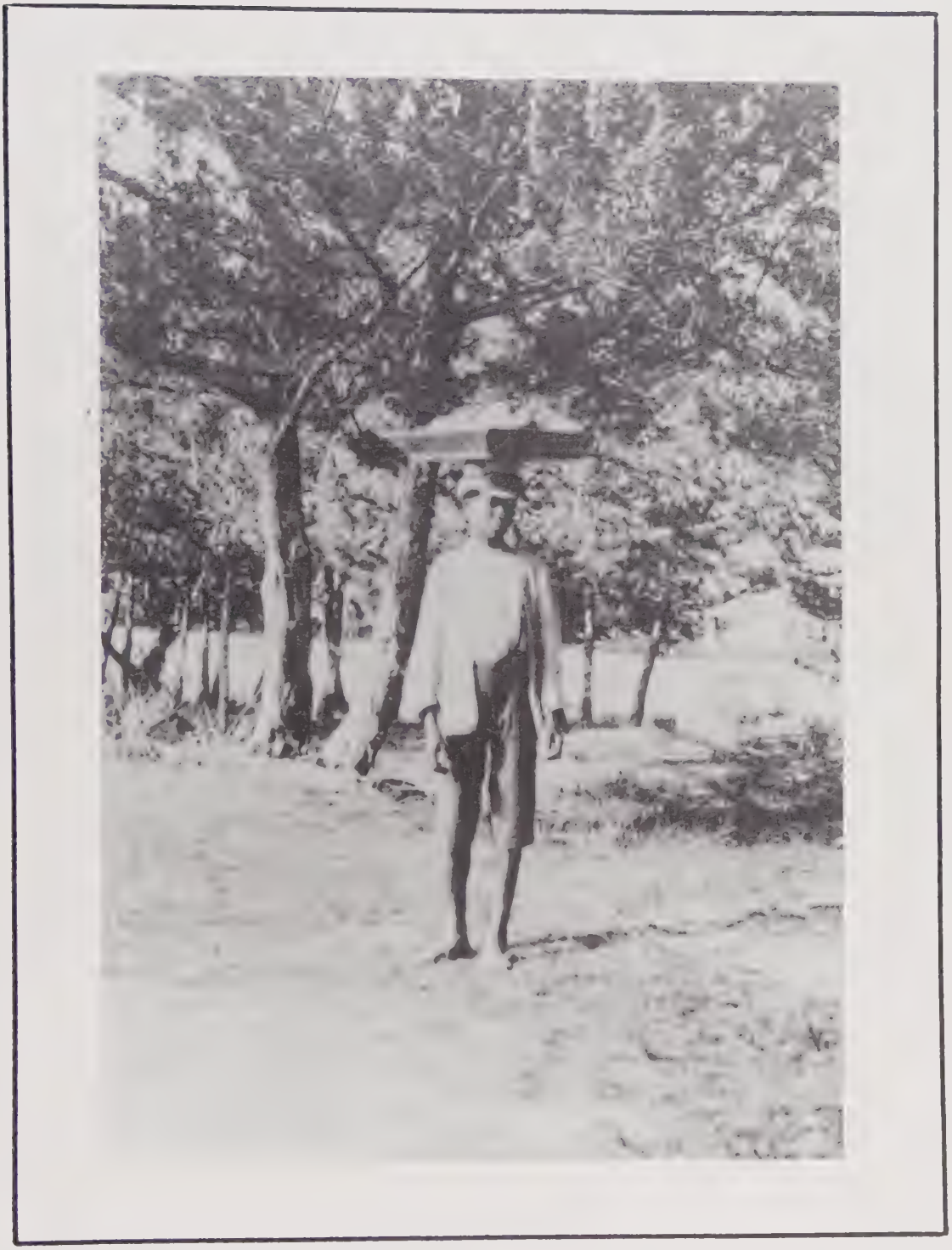
70. The majestic H.M.S.Pearl out at anchor.

71. The 'wig-wagger' from the H.M.S.Pearl.

72. The H.M.S.Pearl - from very close quarters!

73. A typical street scene.

74. One of our favourite houses.



75. Young fruit seller balancing his wares.

76. Fresh lobsters anyone?

77. Waiting for a sailing breeze.

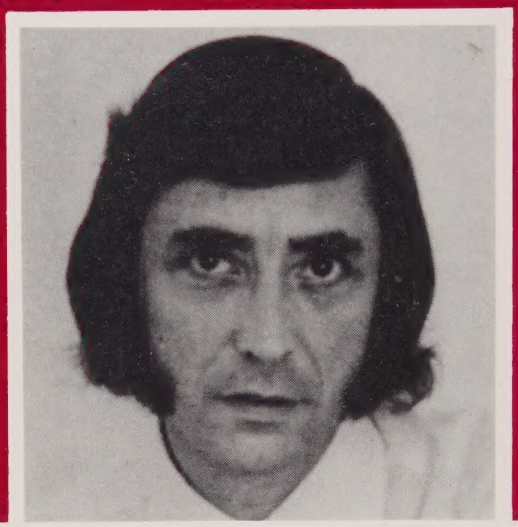
78. A time for fond farewells.

79. A final wave.

80. The S.S."Trinidad" departing for New York.

81. A last view of Hamilton.

82. Sailing away into the sunset.....



David F. Raine was born and educated in England. He graduated from college with a professional teaching qualification and majored in Social Studies and Education.

In the early 1960's he was a member of several glaciological expeditions into the Norwegian Arctic. Additionally, he taught in Britain, Bermuda, and Canada. Whilst in Canada he worked in a remote settlement on Baffin Island and also served as a regularly featured Arctic news correspondent for the C.B.C. affiliate in Frobisher Bay.

His literary career began during college days and consisted of material published in a variety of local British periodicals. As a freelance writer, his work has subsequently been featured in a host of magazines throughout North America—covering topics which range from Yachting to Eskimo Art, History, to Sociology.

He has had several books published, among which are: *Architecture—Bermuda Style; The Pregnant Father*, and the highly-acclaimed *Pitseolak—A Canadian Tragedy*. As a result of these, he has given lectures and also appeared on talk shows in both Canada and the United States.

David F. Raine is widely traveled. He has visited places as far apart as Japan and Venezuela, and regions as contrasting as Siberia and the Sahara. He has toured extensively throughout the Middle East, the Caribbean and Europe.

He is married to the artist-enamellist Jill Amos Raine. They have two sons.

* P2-CSF-279 *